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say, that your piano has been played several times in public, and is still in perfect tune, although it has not been tuned since it left America."

This is evidence sufficient of the durability of their instruments. The following extract from a German paper also relates to the piano which Decker Bros. sent to Neu-stadt, near the Rhine, Germany:

"We had occasion to hear an instrument, whose tones filled every music-lover with a very agreeable surprise. The piano (from the manufactory of Messrs. Decker Brothers) was received by Mr. George Schiffer here, and tried by our musical director, Mr. Sinzig. A fuller, richer, sweeter, and more carrying tone can never be found in a piano; in fact, this instrument, with regard to its superior workmanship as well as to its handsome yet simple and tasteful frame, is one which reflects great honor upon Messrs. Decker Brothers, who, we are told, are foremost in the ranks of the best piano-makers in New York."

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

The New York Mendelssohn Union will give the second of their series of four grand concerts on Thursday evening next, Feb. 27th, at Steinway Hall, under the direction of Mr. George F. Bristow. On this occasion, Mendelssohn's lovely 47th Psalm, "As the Hart pants," will be performed, and from its performance we anticipate the most unqualified pleasure. We hope to see a crowded audience upon the occasion.

The "Grand Duchess," after a series of extraordinary successes, returns to us once again, and holds her first soiree at the French Theatre on Monday evening next, Feb. 24th. The Grand Duchess Tostee will appear with her talented suite and with all her ample and magnificent surroundings, and with these she will commence another round of brilliant triumphs, rejoicing the heart of the public and the treasury of her prime minister, H. L. Bateman. The run of Offenbach's sprightly and fascinating work in this country has already exceeded that of any opera since the early days of the Bohemian Girl, and it is hard to tell when its career will be run out, for it is at this moment more popular than ever.

The La Grange and Brignoli Opera Company, under the able direction of Max Straus, is now continuing the success inaugurated at Pike's Opera House, at the Academy of Music. The performances during the week have been admirable in every respect, and the audiences have been large and brilliant.

The next week will close the performances of this fine company for the present; but we hope to hear them soon again. We trust to see the Academy of Music crowded each night of the appearance of La Grange, Brignoli and their admirable assistants.

ADVERTISING CONSIDERED AS A FINE ART.

If we recall the times when the philacter'd Pharisees—that is—if we venture to suggest that when Cornelius Agrippa—no, that isn't it either—we would say that, taking into consideration the ultramontane tendencies of the body of red-hatted cardinals at the Council of Trent, when—but on second thoughts and by a parity of reasoning the

converse would not hold good! No, rather let us exemplify the great public benefit derived from—really, there have been so many public benefits derived from so many different sources, that we are puzzled again, and have no other resource than to quote the memorable words of somebody, whose name we have forgotten, and say—how unfortunate! we have lent our little book of "Elegant Extracts" to the editor of "The Mid-day Stultifier"—so we are unable to endorse our assertions by the dictum of the profound philosopher we have alluded to, whereat we grieve, for the evidence he vainly endeavored to collect would have proved so utterly nugatory in amplifying our diagnosis that 'twere better he had never lived. Not that for one moment we would deny the positive, immediate and incalculable advantages to be derived from advertising copiously—especially in our own cherished Journal. Advertising has recently made great strides as a fine art. Advertisements poetical, oratorical, grandiloquent, appealing, pathetic, spicy, compact, elaborate, robust, adjectivly, flowery and multiform! flood the journals, emanating from thousands of philanthropic individuals, would be public benefactors, ever crowding round that amiable—and always yielding milch-cow, the general public, and pointing out in countless insinuating, seductive and artless styles the unequalled "opportunities" at the beck and call of that same dear public! Advertisements come upon us in the most subtle and unexpected shapes and fortuitously flutter around us in every direction. We see a greenback lying exposed and helpless on the sidewalk, we incontinently swoop upon it, and find ourselves a prey to an advertisement! We sing a sentimental tenor ballad at an evening party, and at the height of our vocal agony we agitatedly turn over the last leaf and narrowly escape warbling over a last verse "refrain" of adv't! We refrain with difficulty and blush ourselves into a remote corner of the room to recover the shock! We find the mountain tops smeared over with somebody's hideous ointment and the fertile valleys withering under repeated coats of somebody else's blacking! We go to a soporific museum and we shiver at the names of the unutterable and fearful diseases artistically and but too legibly arrayed upon the awful drop-scene! We are even peripatetic advertisements ourselves; not a man of us but carries a little directory of tradesmen's addresses stamped ignominiously on various parts of his person—an apparel we should have said, only we were out of breath. And then we receive elaborate presents of books, pamphlets, essays, &c., with every other leaf an advertisement! And this brings us point blank to a suggestion we have to offer to the advertising public: interleaving is not enough, 'tis only a half measure after all—go in boldly, Messieurs the Advertisers, combine, and have a tale or tales, a novel or novels, written, printed, published and delivered gratis to the readers and buyers of our population, something in this style:

"THROES." "A Thrilling Story," by Charles Collins and Wilkie Dickens.

"'Tis she: those gloves I could swear are Biggins's; she wears no others; 'tis she! herself!" exclaimed a young man elegantly attired in one of Chiggins's last hats, Diggins's Melton overcoats, and Figgins's Parisian boots! With one bound he flew up the steps of that "handsome brown house

with a high stoop," (Brown & Jones, Real Estate agents;) with another he was at the first floor door! and with another he was kneeling on a small portion of Loom & Spindler's elegant carpets, equal to Brussels at her feet! She turned and gazed upon him, and then pressing one of Ebenezer Lawn & Co.'s extra rich cambric pocket handkerchiefs to her carefully chiseled nose, she exclaimed, her heart sinking within her like a "large tub of Cheeseman's pure Orange County butter;" "Thou art here again! Ah! quick! quick! apply some of Phalonini's 'Balm of mandrake,' to my throbbing temples immediately! 'tis there! there on that lovely marqueterie table of Smith & Robinson's." "Why, why," said he, clearing his voice with Muggins' Demulecent, (50 cents a bottle,) "why this commotion?" "Hush! hush!" she exclaimed, "behold that photograph; ('tis one of Burney & Grady's, by the bye;) 'tis his! his! his! his!" "Whose! whose! whose's?" "My father's! Do you not recognize the wig of Capillaire et Fils, (the best made,) do you not observe," she continued hysterically, "the celebrated Chinese Hair stain upon his indignant moustache?" "Ah!" cried the youth, "alas! alas! I do! I do! I see too plainly, the Hair stain, the wig, the instantaneous photograph, (all excellent articles.) I see also the malicious Mephistophelian glitter of Dent & Co.'s matchless teeth! (gums surpassing the natural article.) We are lost!" he further remarked, abstractedly taking up one of Ticknor, Appleton, Hurd, Riverside & Company's diamond library octavo, illustrated bound in calf and otherwise Dickens! "We are lost!" Consulting her watch, (one of Clappin's celebrated articles, with a portrait of the inventor as he appeared when defying competition!) she calmly endorsed his statement, and folding her fragile form in the soft convolutions of Tallrave's sumptuous curtains, (price list sent on application,) she composedly fainted on that perfection of human furniture, Swiddle's Oriental Lounge! In vain he applied the various remedies usual on such occasions; in vain he burnt ineffective feathers, (from Swan & Co.'s,) under her delectable nose; in vain he promised to take all the proscenium boxes at Lester Niblo's to see the White Wallack! (these are the young man's incoherencies—not ours.) In vain! in vain, all his efforts, until Ha! Ha! seeing a small phial of Mrs. Gumslow's Soothing Syrup, he extracted the willing cork, (made by Toddlekin's patent machine,) poured the exhilarating fluid adown her affectionate throat; and as we were quickly going to press, our heroine was slowly coming to—

N. B. The addresses of the above firms, with other particulars, will be found at the end.

We submit the above slight sketch of our advertising notion, with the full confidence that its marked superiority over previous forlorn methods, will at once be perceived.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

L'Ambassadrice, that most courtly and delicate of all operas, is announced for performance at the St. George's Opera House, London, with Madame Liebhart as the *prima donna*.

According to the holy and reverent tradition which prevails in Germany regarding art, the death of Moritz Hauptmann was